

Chaos was on creation —
My wife and my child out there!
We squeezed in the trains like cattle
Packed in the slaughter-stall;
And when we pulled out of Seattle
The night was beginning to fall.

Traveling men and sailors,
Millionaires, merchants, sports,
Two-penny clerks and tailors,
Touts from the Coast resorts,
Spoke of their homes like brothers
Bonded in grief—and when
I prayed, "God pity the mothers;"
A gambler whispered, "Amen."

Oakland. A pall of terror
Blinded the sun on high;
The bay, like a broken mirror,
Glared to the smoking sky.
Tattered and smoke-bereft
Crowds upon crowds poured through,
Limping, insane, disheveled—
And the glare of the city grew.

III.

Day was short. And the darkness
Out of the smoke-clouds fell.
The ferry spire stood black in the fire
Like a craig at the mouth of hell.
All night long swung the ferries,
Listed and cramped and crammed,
And all night long came the fleeing throng
Like the hosts of the haunted damned.

Twenty-four hours at the ferries
I searched the mad throng through,
Haggard and wan I looked upon
But never a face I knew.
Beggars, burdened with riches,
Muttered and toiled ahead—
I called aloud in the face of the crowd
Who looked with the eyes of the dead.

Then some one spoke from the clamor
With a voice that I seemed to know,
"They are safe back there on Portsmouth
Square—
I saw 'em an hour ago.
They were warm under cover,
Close to the Monument.
It wasn't so bad, for the Chinatown lad
Had stretched up a sheet like a tent.

"He had brought them food from the ruins,
And seemed to be keeping house,
Squat on his heels he was cooking their meals
The Kid was wrapped in his blouse.
Bong's face was black from the burning,
But his grin it was good to see,

When I called from the throng, 'Take care
of 'em, Bong.'
And he answered, 'You sabe me.'"

This was my neighbors story,
And well you may understand
How I could not speak till the tears from my
cheek

Splashed over his outstretched hand;
And of all the pure Christian blessings
Which pulpit and church employ,
I hope one sped to the pig-tailed head
Of my heathen coolie-boy.

IV.

One night more at the ferry.
I could see her, heaven be blessed;
Out of the mob she came with a sob
And fainted away on my breast.
Bong sat near with the baby
Fast asleep on his knee,
And he said as he smiled and looked at the
child,
"I fetchum—you sabe me."

—Metropolitan Magazine.

This stuff in the papers about the Lawson-Kramer races being "fixed," "unfair to Kramer," etc., etc., is the silliest kind of rot.

In the race of Tuesday, Lawson clearly out-generated and outrode the Easterner in as exciting a contest as has ever been seen at the track. At this writing the second heat of the series has not been ridden, but it is clear to anyone that there is nothing "fixed" about the race, and there never was anything except the price that had to be paid Kramer to bring him here. The best riders in the country are riding on the Salt Palace track this summer, and the management deserves a great deal of praise for the class of sport that has been given the public.

The Philadelphia School for Nurses has purchased large properties at 2219-25 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and will extend the benefits of the Free Course in nursing to young women of every rural community and of the smaller towns and cities throughout the entire country.

The course is two years, but may be shortened to eighteen months by six months' reading and study at home.

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